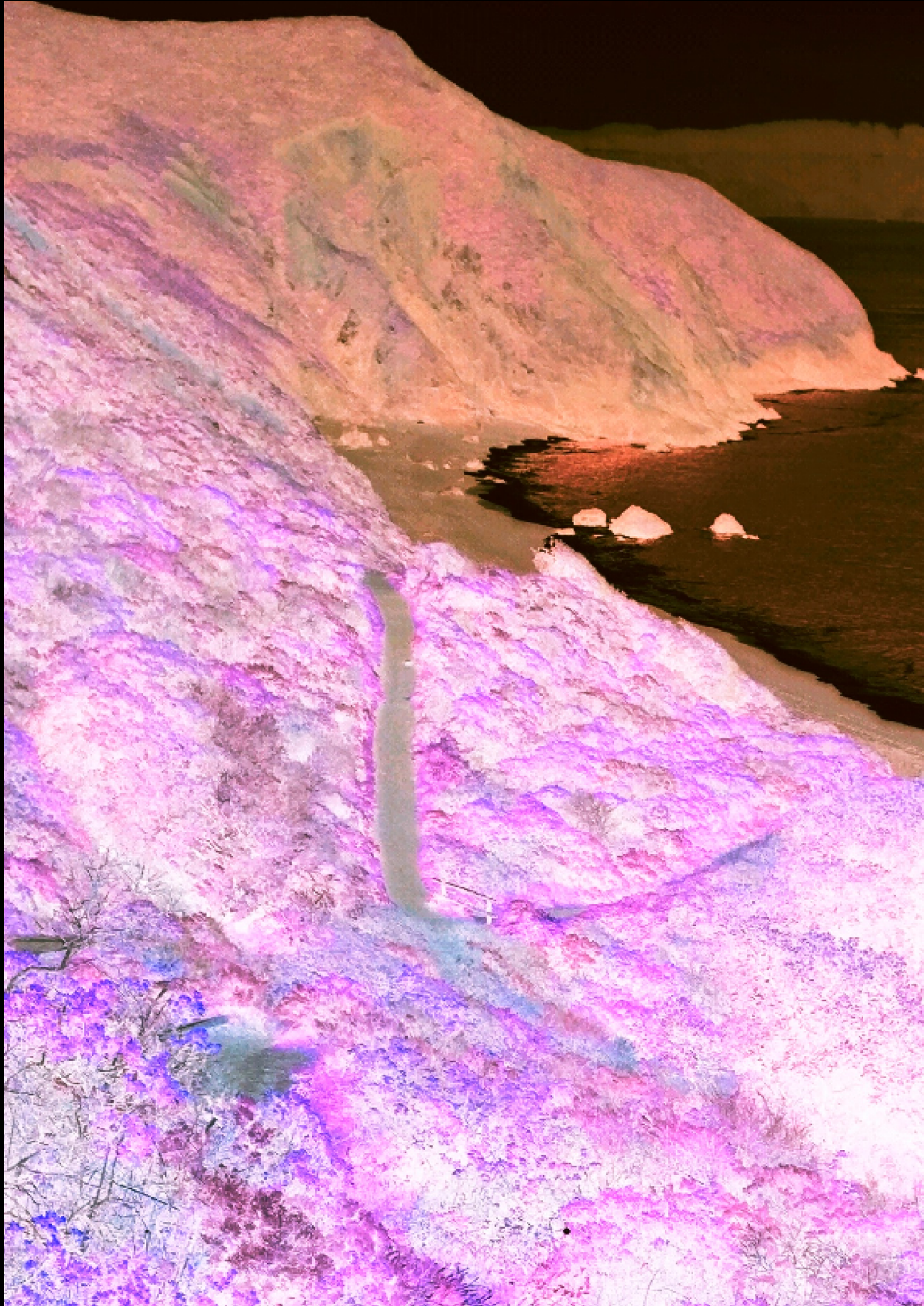


THROST MEMBRANCES

BOOSTER PACK BY CHARITY





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GAME

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We Will Play For You

Put this in your hand. Fit your fingers into it. Feels good? If you divide all value into two increments, this is the first increment. The second occurs when you squeeze it.

We'll play the game for you.

The barrel is 200 acres of non-arable land. The trigger is 120 wind-powered engines and 550 anerobic lagoons. The muzzle is the lake you saw on the way down.

Pick a number. 10? You can get into a lot of trouble with 10. Just ask the empires with their granaries, armadas rotting on the ocean floor.

On squeeze the drones gather. There is a lag before they act, but they cannot be recalled at this point. The system of mirrors and lenses and satellites that brings you this image is a dream that has escaped the world. It is now digesting in the perceivers, those who survive each moment. The gluttony of surviving each moment is total and enrapturing until you fail to survive a moment.

She painted a target on her chest. She has no shading, no texture, no sexual characteristics, body language aggressively crunched out by their filtering eyes.

If the drones do not fire in sufficient heat of concert, the image capture of her brain will experience glitches as it slingshots through the atmospheric plume, or it may not arrive at all. You want her to be at the party, so you line up the drones in careful black crop circles. But we will play the game for you, so it is merely your existence that pulls the trigger, you continuing to observe.

She is gone in the smallest scratch of optical noise. There is no sensation. The drones disappear, some of them falling from signal interference, crashing into trees or breaking the surface of the lake.

At the party the lack of sensation continues. The wine does not even taste like water, and 3 of your 5 taste profiles are blunted. You drop a glass experimentally. The sound is like soggy paper.

You can't wait to be in the field tomorrow, painting that warm color on your chest, the color which no longer has a name but which is recognized by the drones. No one wears that color anymore, not in sweaters or caps or painting

their houses, not in safety signs or flags or the hulls of cars, no matter how fast they may be. In the movies you saw growing up, the blood in action scenes was yellow, edited in post-processing. Even getting flustered feels a little unlucky, and pale foundation is worn by many.

We stop and you start, and when you stop, we start.

Devined

The first part is being devined, which is just having your head shaved.

He doesn't know if having your hair removed makes the next part "work". But the next part is the next part.

Desert through the open doorway, cool dry breeze blowing through. Where he lives is a few small buildings from 40 years ago. It is a simple life here and the adults are quiet and hard-minded. He did something wrong, something juvenile and careless. There is no excuse for being young.

The second part is a small device that puts your mind in a different place. There is no way to know until you go inside, but now that he is inside he sees the place is a hallway. He goes down the hallway and it bends into an L. Through the L is an exit under a sliding metal drop door. He tries to go under but there are people there. Adults from another culture, their faces unfamiliar, like people on the foreign VHS tapes he watched as a smaller child.

They approach and he backs up. They keep coming and it doesn't feel right, so he gets to the back of the hallway which is a dead end, except the wall opens a fourth of the way to the ceiling. He jumps and pulls himself up onto the ledge. The indentation ends there, a dead-end ledge. He looks down at the people. They grab at him but their movements are weird. Their faces seem different than even on the grainy tapes, more exaggerated.

He hopes he gets to leave the L-shaped world soon. And maybe he can jump over them and not get the wind knocked out of him when he lands, so he can run to the sliding door that is almost pulled down all the way, like an inverted mirror of the ledge he's on.

The March Treatment

My mom is parked outside. Her car is beat up and rusty, almost as stripped down as she is.

I was getting annoyed by this kid anyways. Talking about his special cards. I only come over to play his console. But it has no games, nothing iconic.

I say later, he says later.

Sitting in my mom's car, still in front of the kid's house. It's freezing. The window is rolled down. Or maybe there isn't a window. People break them all the time. And she has no reason to fix it.

She stares into the distance like an anatomy doll. The one in class got removed after the March Treatment became more popular.

The March Treatment marches your cells one step forward. Plastinating molecules, I don't know. The March Treatment is very aggressive, like chemo. She doesn't have any fat. She's the color of junkyard cars after years of sun and rain.

I don't think I'm explaining the March Treatment that great. I don't understand it but it worked. She's back and sometimes she drives by with her car. The car doesn't look like it should run, like her, but the engine still works. People broke the windows and took the car stereo and she didn't replace them.

I can't figure out if she lives some place. But it would probably be like this car. Cold and full of mold.

She says, "I don't know where I am."

She can't alter her tone or really move her face. But I don't think it bothers her. So I try to be sad or glad for her.

"Thanks for picking me up, mom." She stares lidlessly through the windscreen.

"Do you remember where his house is," she says.

"Dad's house is my house. Do you remember where my house is?"

"The old house."

"Yeah. It's still the same house. You could sleep over if you want. Your room is the same."

She doesn't say anything. An ant crawls across her leg. She's wearing the same workout clothes. They smell dirty but not dirty from her. Just dirty from time.

"I'm glad you're still here, mom."

I put her hand on my shoulder. I think she squeezes it a little.

"Are you next to me," she says.

"Yeah. I'm right here mom."

"Right here," she says.

Blackwater Converter

i wear a blackwater converter on my back so i don't have to stop
it's all hooked up
dick and mouth and sweat conversion
no one funds the space program anymore
so there's a lot of skintight gear hanging around
it's a good century to be a landfag

there's no time for people who are only okay with you
it's love or hate
loyalty or betrayal
i'm not wasting my time
buy something from me or suck my dick or suck my friend's dick, i don't care,
it's all the same dick friendship wise, i'm just so happy for them
i don't understand jealousy like, there's so little happiness on the planet, don't
ruin the miracles

blackwater recycling miniaturization changed my fucking life
we're all eating the same shit but mine tastes better

we spatter each other with fluorescent dye before going outside
we like to feel toxic
anyone can be toxic if they put something green on them and have fluids
the boys know i have potable water
and they can't get enough of it

i like kissing him because his headphones always drop around his neck playing
something tinny
and it's a song no one ever heard before
because those headphones are so fucking cheap
they remix whatever it was

we have a game where we try to roofie each other
and this time i got him
and he's laying on his back sucking on my blackwater converter as i read repair
manuals
for blackwater converters

we're in a chain link maze
red lights

there's no purpose for all this fencing anymore
but no one tore it down and you can wander for a long time
seeing different people hanging out like NPCs along the links

there's a huge tournament at the mall
i'm not good at games
but i want to support him when he games
last time he won a gift card
third place
we ate all week at the kind of franchise diner that doesn't care if we come in at
2 AM in our colors

blackwater converter!!!



Looked

1

We were hiking just a little outside the camp site. It was on flat ground, not up any hills or mountains, so I was a little bored. And we had started late, so after not too long it was too dark to really enjoy the scenery. But we weren't worried about getting lost. It wasn't a proper forest, just loose trees at the edge of one. Flat ground and scattered trees. As we got near the thicker clusters of trees at the edge of the forest, Sara said she saw something. We stopped and asked her what it was. She seemed a little distracted as she replied, but seemed to indicate it was a person. We looked around with our flashlights but couldn't see anyone.

Her worry was contagious though. "They were holding something. Looked like they wanted to hurt us. They looked so angry."

We walked back to camp, of course. It didn't take long. We picked up what we could. Someone even had a machete. Someone else pointed and we looked. It was hard to see but we thought we saw someone. It could have just been another camp retiring to their tent though. We marched around the campsite. Patrolling, I guess. We all had the feeling something was wrong.

Patrick came up to us. He hadn't come on the pseudo-hike. He seemed nervous. I wondered if he was the one we'd seen. If he was trying to scare us. He was a nice guy, but something about him seemed different tonight. His jaw kept working a little, like he was trying to clean something out of his teeth with his tongue. Maybe he was always like that. I couldn't help feeling a little angry at him. If this was a prank, it seemed like a big waste of time and energy. We kept walking, sticking close together, looking around with our flashlights. He said some words to someone at the edge of our group, I didn't see who. Their voices were low.

We'd all grown up, most of us at least, watching movies where people didn't take things seriously enough. Where people always laughed before something bad happened. Most of us had seen this in real life too, in our generational experience I guess you could call it. We were proud, I think, of taking things seriously.

2

I stay at Sara's house with some of my friends from the camping trip. I didn't want to think about going to school. It wouldn't hurt to take a semester off and enjoy this warm weather. I have my own room too. It was kind of like when you go on a trip with people through a foreign country, staying at various hostels. But this was in our own country, and she had plenty of room in her house. Maybe inherited it or something. A flat house in the suburbs, nothing fancy, but comforting. My girlfriend said she'll visit me. That would make me happy.

Sara is so generous. She makes such big meals for us. She gets the good stuff too. It tastes delicious and fresh, not boring like my parents would make it, overcooked and gray.

No one talked much. I guess it was a quiet time of year.

I look at my empty plate. It was delicious. I wish I could have a little more though. But maybe that's a symptom of boredom. I need to stop looking for easy things to fill my days.

One night I am alone with Sara in the kitchen. We haven't been alone together for a long time. I see it then, how nervous she is. I ask if she's okay, but she takes a step back, even though I'm not that close to her at all.

I see she's nervous of me.

"Are you afraid you're going to get me sick," I ask. I wonder if she came down with the flu.

Suddenly I ask, "Why do you buy all this meat? Is there something wrong with you?"

She looks incredulous, but her face doesn't tell me anything. It is tangled up and unfamiliar. I say her name, Sara, because I don't like feeling confused.

Sara?

She opens the refrigerator and lets the cold air fill the space between us. Her eyebrows jump like she's saying, go ahead.

"I'm not hungry."

"You're always hungry."

I am a little hungry, but I don't like when people assume things about me.

I look at the inside of the refrigerator. There's meat from several different supermarkets in there. Not a lot else, except a tightly packed cluster of fruits and vegetables in the lower corner, lonely looking somehow under all those shelves of bulging brown paper.

"Where did you get this meat", I ask.

"The supermarket."

It looks wrapped by a sure hand. And it has supermarket labels on it.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure."

She looks scared. Why?

"Get away from me," she says. "I cooked the meat for you. So you'd be happy. So you wouldn't..."

My jaw tenses up, I feel so stressed. My mouth swims coppery.

She points at my face. I put my hand on it. Did I get sauce on my chin?

It's the stuff that comes out when you bite yourself. My tongue really hurts. When I was a kid I ate pizza too fast and bit myself and got a mucocele that lasted for months. I hope that doesn't happen.

Leo comes in and takes a soda out of the fridge. She sticks her finger in a brown paper package and comes away with a chunk of raw meat. She swallows it and sucks the juice off her finger.

She looks back at me. "You're going to have to be more careful with your mouth."

I look at my face in the mirror. They say my jaw will change in certain ways. I don't want it to look strange. Weird and pinched. I don't want my bones to be like that forever.

I have been talking to others from the camping trip. Not in person. They left as they started to feel changes come over them. We talk over the landline. I try to listen for changes in their pronunciation, to see how much having a jaw like that will change the way you talk. But it's hard to tell over the phone.

I learned that if a person puts any part of themselves near my mouth, it will automatically clamp down. I go around with this trap in my jaw at all times.

My girlfriend comes over. She wants to know why I've been so distant. I realize I've barely called her since I came back. After the camp it felt like a golden-clear-black-red dream. I was waiting to fall asleep but I guess I've been awake, and might be awake for a long time. She has been experiencing time at a normal rate, so she is a little angry at me. We've had a lot of good experiences together, so I want to fix things. We visited stores together, and had incommunicable intimacies, and certain emergencies which we survived together. There was a small animal we both liked, perhaps a stuffed one, and her hair was talkative when it was under my chin.

Are you coming back, she asks.

I feel so ashamed. I don't think I can.

is there a treatment?

I don't think so. Not the kind that makes things the way they were.

Should I want you to come back?

My teeth will be sharp. I won't be able to kiss you anymore.

We can kiss in different ways?

Different ways.

I will need to eat a lot of meat, if I am one of the smiling people. One of the smiling animals.

We don't even know what it will be like, she says.

I think of Sara tersely talking in the semi-woods, saying she saw someone. I can't hear her voice. I see the dark shape of her mouth open and shut. Empty. Not containing anything.

I look through the window. A slightly yellowed, slightly sloped suburban lawn. I'm not sure

which of these ordinary images blinded me.

My girlfriend's silence curls around her like hairs under the influence of electricity. I can tell she wants to be close. To be reassured.

I put my hand on her hand. Something about the fit seems a little off.

We'll kiss in different ways.



GWSFYTKEOYS

rules

- write the word "break". when you take break, make a mark below it.
- have one or two 6-sided dice or a simulation of them.
- when you see a list numbered 1-6, roll 1d6 to pick one.

your stats

roll a die for each one

FIREARMS: odds = 1, evens = 2

NERVES: odds = 1, evens = 2

HOPE: odds = 1, evens = 2

now add 1 to the stat of your choice

plot

- it was an ambush. you and your squad have been captured.
- you were sent here to bring her to justice, but she turned the tables on you.
- for some reason, she places a gun in your hand.

place

1d6

1. industrial interior of oil rig, safety signs and pipes everywhere. the floor is steel grate and fluids drip through it easily.
2. a fancy outdoor restaurant. hostages are dead at their tables, white cloths stained red. she sips on a cocktail that someone won't be needing anymore.
3. out on the steppes, overturned truck smoldering fifteen feet away. overcast sky. nowhere to run for miles.
4. in the middle school quad. it's such a tragedy. and it all could have been prevented. this is a widely televised, indelible scene, and you will be immortalized in key moments of footage.
5. in the Svalbard Global Seed Vault, between shelves in an ice-carved room. her people are using thermal drills to destroy millions of seeds.
6. caught infiltrating her subterranean bunker. 1-foot thick metal doors closed automatically around you. the missing member of your squad pounds on the door behind you and starts screaming.

YOUR SQUAD

roll each of these tables 3 times. this is your squad. you can write down or c/p the descriptions.

1d6

1. male
2. male
3. male
4. female

5. female
6. teen

stance

1d6

1. sarcastic
2. messy begging
3. paralyzed in terror
4. looking for a way out
5. recording you with optic implant
6. looking to left (or right if not possible) for comfort. do they get it?

wearing

1. world army uniform
2. world army uniform
3. world army uniform
4. wearing civilian clothes
5. body armor: -1 to your FIREARMS roll.
6. a mask. they are DEHUMANIZED.

relationship with you (you can't take the same option twice. if it repeats, go to the next one down, or up if that fails)

1. your superior officer.
2. your rival.
3. they're hot. you fucked back at base.
4. they always made you laugh, but you were never that close.
5. the newest member of the squad. this is their first mission.
6. your close friend, the reason you made it this far.

THE FIRST ONE

she holds a gun to your head. she tells you to kill the first one. go to KILL TABLES.

KILL TABLES

you may try to resist. if so, roll 2d6+NERVES. if you get 10+, you resist. go to the RESIST TABLE. otherwise, keep going.

when you aim, think about what they're doing and what they look like, right now, in this moment. think about how her gun feels touching the side of your head. then roll.

- 1: you aim.
- 2: you aim.
- 3: you think about how their appearance and personality differs from the values of your culture. they are DEHUMANIZED. you aim.
- 4: reroll their *stance*. they're doing that stance now. if you get the same stance, they start

doing it more intensely: more desperately or louder or changing color.

5. they try to run. -1 to your FIREARMS roll.

6: roll 2d6 + NERVES. if you get less than 9, throw up and take -1 to your FIREARMS roll.

otherwise, you hold it in. take +1 to your roll.

now roll 2d6 + FIREARMS - any penalties you accrued for this person. success is 9+.

if you fire successfully

1. a neat hole appears in their head and they fall instantly.

2. half their head explodes, painting the landscape.

3. the bullet almost misses, nicking their neck artery.

4. gut-shot. they slump to the floor

5. they rush you at the last second, taking the bullet in the face. they fall at your feet.

6. their chest wound spurts. they gasp for air until blood pours from their mouth.

and

1. their leg spasms a beat on the ground.

2. they piss themselves

3. their hand trembles as it feels the wound.

4. they lay on the ground completely still.

5. they bleed out slowly, crying someone's name.

6. they look up at you, their stance increasing in severity as the full realization of their

mortality hits them. imagine how that looks. you fire again reflexively to make it stop. mark

1 BREAK.

go to **THEY DIE**

if you fail

1. the gun jams. roll 2d6+FIREARMS. on 9+, you shoot them. on less, mark 1 BREAK. she shoots them with a disdainful sigh. go to THEY DIE.

2. you fire, but the shot is totally non-lethal but horribly painful. they clutch a fleshy part of their body and scream. roll 2d6+FIREARMS. on 9+, you finally manage to end it. on less, mark 1 BREAK. she shoots them multiple times until they stop making sounds. go to THEY DIE.

3. you miss. they get pretty far before one of her people takes them out with a sniper rifle. she looks at you with disappointment. go to THEY DIE.

4. you throw up. she steps back so it doesn't get on her shoes. then she rolls her eyes and shoots them. mark 1 BREAK. go to THEY DIE.

5. you miss. she stands behind you and puts her hand on your hand, lifting it and pushing your finger into the trigger. you don't miss this time. go to THEY DIE.

6. *if this is your first time rolling this:* your hands tremble. you can't take the shot. she shoots you in the foot and executes them herself. take the rest of your shots from the floor. note that you have -1 to all stats now. *if this is your second time rolling this:* your hands tremble as your former comrade looks down at you. you can't take the shot. she shoots them then turns her gun on you. after a brief look of disdain, she shoots you in the head. nothing exists anymore. *end.*

THEY DIE

now mark 1 BREAK, unless they are DEHUMANIZED.

go to the next person you haven't shot. if everyone is shot, go to THE END.

THE SECOND ONE

she tells you to shoot them. go to *KILL TABLES*.

THE THIRD ONE

she tells you to shoot them.

first, roll 1d6

1. her helicopter is descending, whipping your hair and beating the air into noise
2. she puts her hand on your shoulder and squeezes.
3. you wipe something wet off your face
4. fire is spreading somewhere, smoke stinging your eyes.
5. guns pop in the distance. you can't tell if it's your people coming to save you, or just executions.
6. her people do something to the other bodies.
 1. they cut off the heads.
 2. they pull black bags over their heads.
 3. they spray paint her symbol onto them.
 4. they dance with them.
 5. they hump them.
 6. they pray for them.

go to *KILL TABLES*.

THE END

She takes you with her.

check the PLACE number.

if the PLACE is 1: Her speedboat tears across the sea. The sky is overcast and evil, slowly growing warmer as the oil rig begins to erupt.

if the PLACE is 2, 3, or 4: Bullets ping across the helicopter. The bodies look so tiny below, surrounded by red streaks on the grass.

if the PLACE is 5 or 6: They throw you in the back of the van. It accelerates, shuddering across bumpy terrain. After a minute the ground rumbles with an explosion.

mark BREAK = to HOPE

check your BREAK

3-4: You had to do it. You keep telling yourself that. You will bide your time. You won't forget what she made you do. Their faces flash across your mind and you shake with terror

and rage.

5-6: You cry in the corner of the vehicle. You can still see their faces. She says something but you can't understand. You curl up and turn away.

7+: You are totally broken. you don't remember your name or who you were. it seems like a dream. You follow numbly, absorbing everything she puts into you.

You disappear into the darkest part of the century.

END

OTHER TABLES

RESIST TABLE

1. she shoots you in the head. nothing exists anymore. *end*.

2. she takes your gun and hands it to the person who you were going to shoot. she puts her gun to their head and they shoot you instantly. nothing exists anymore. *end*.

3. she fires past your head. your ears ring and you shake uncontrollably. mark 1 BREAK. go to KILL TABLES.

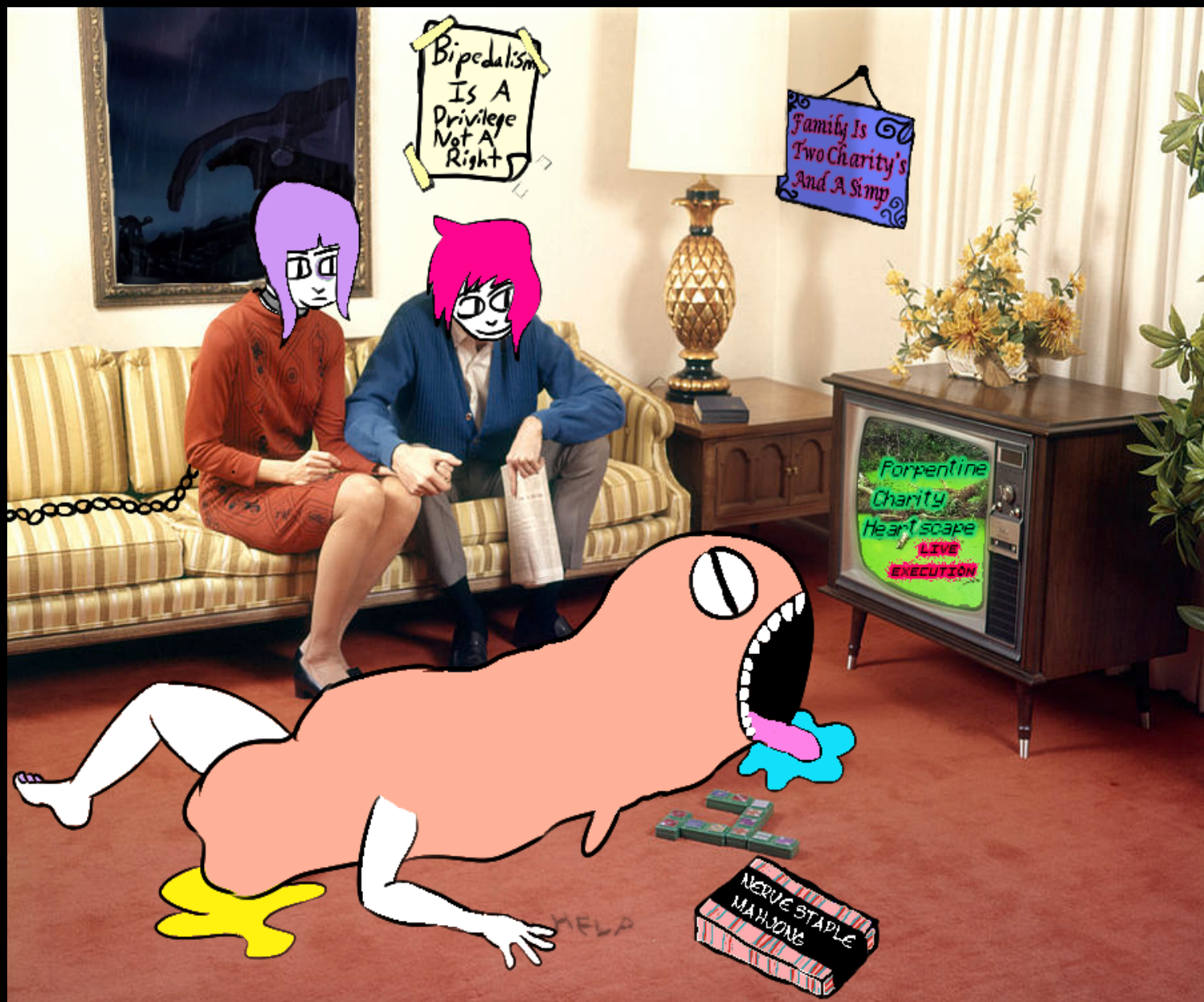
4. she whispers the name of someone you love back in the world. mark 1 BREAK. go to KILL TABLES.

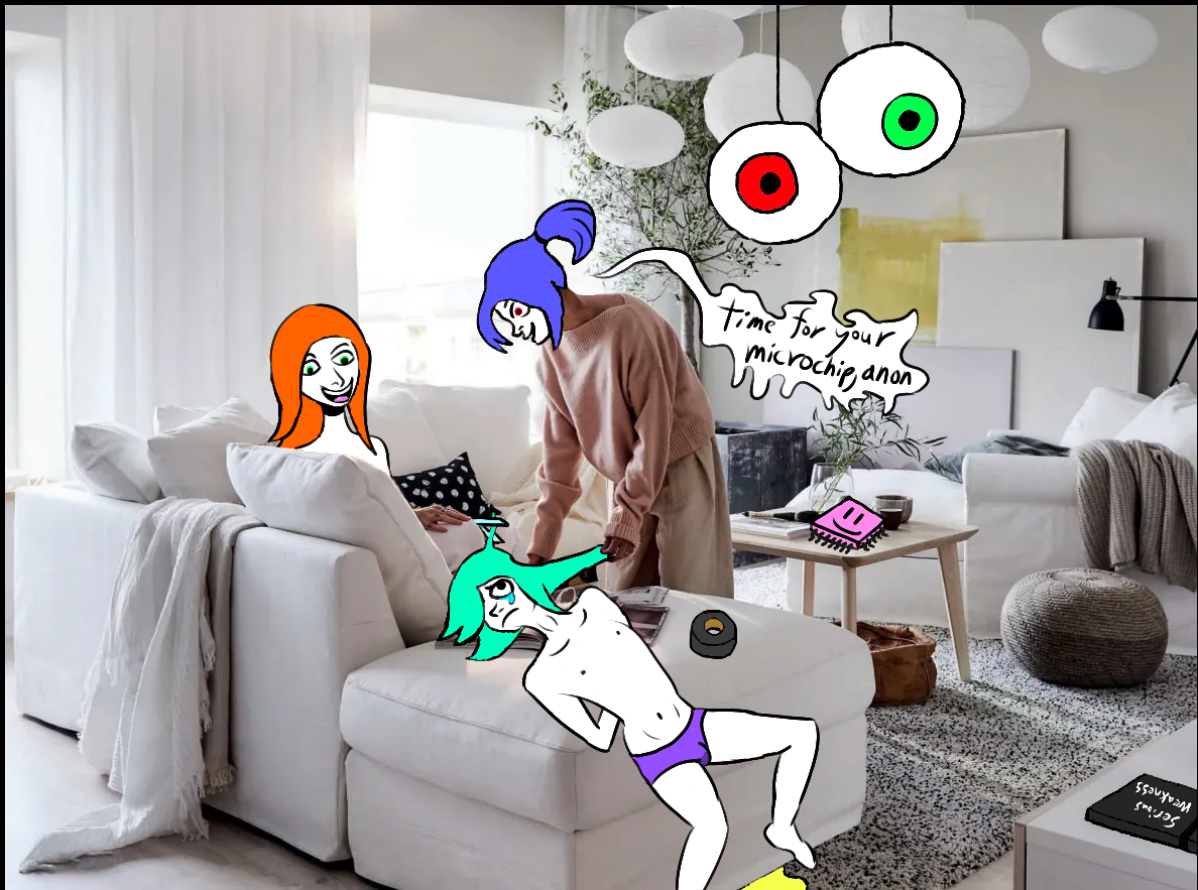
5. she places her knife against your belly and starts to make a cut. mark 1 BREAK. go to KILL TABLES.

6. you tilt the gun and fire it at her. it tears across her shoulder, a bloody graze. bullets riddle your body and you lay broken on the ground. she looks proud of you. she says she's going to let you watch what happens to the others as you bleed out. *end*.

Game where she forces you to kill everyone on your squad







sufer and r a p ee f or uus
ulcerize you r meat
eat innocent .snitch for soup lie for soup
syncornize all localities to globalwest paranoi
...kapo

give us you r time

the soup in which
you wallow



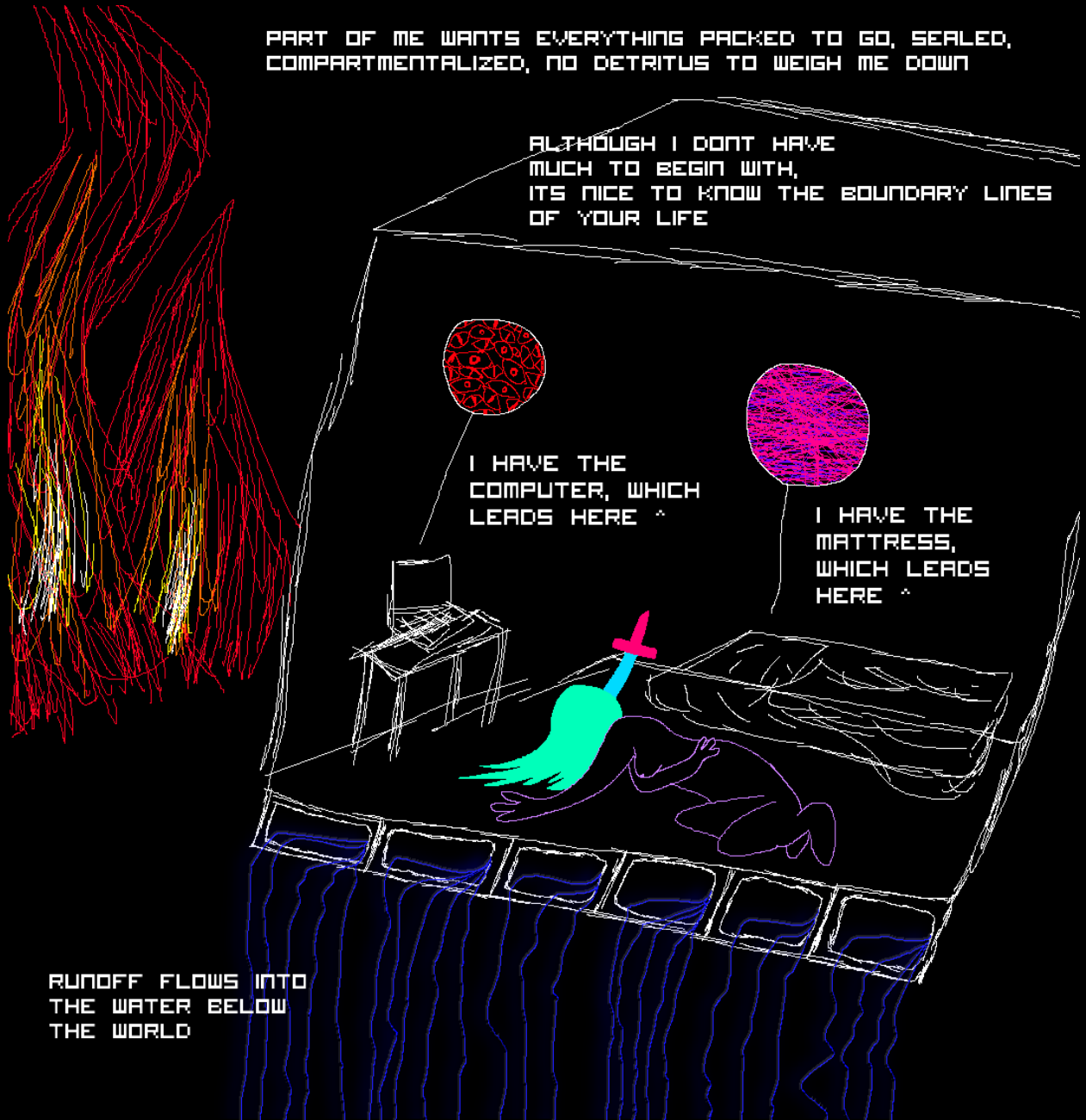
PART OF ME WANTS EVERYTHING PACKED TO GO, SEALED,
COMPARTMENTALIZED, NO DETRITUS TO WEIGH ME DOWN

ALTHOUGH I DONT HAVE
MUCH TO BEGIN WITH,
ITS NICE TO KNOW THE BOUNDARY LINES
OF YOUR LIFE

I HAVE THE
COMPUTER, WHICH
LEADS HERE ^

I HAVE THE
MATTRESS,
WHICH LEADS
HERE ^

RUNOFF FLOWS INTO
THE WATER BELOW
THE WORLD

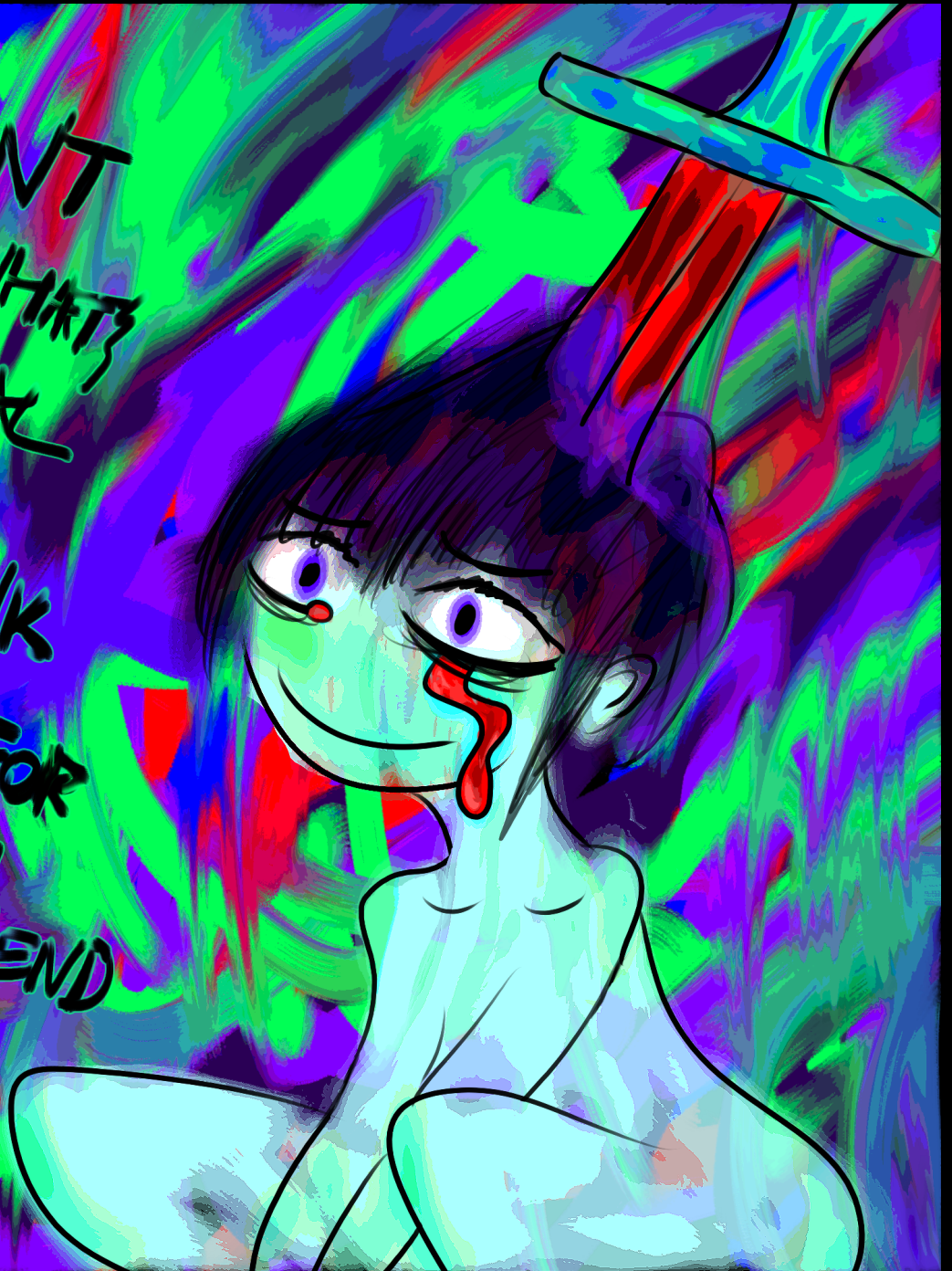






audible weed coughing this is my OC she works at a gay conversion clinic and tortures gays for the crime of being homosexual she also forces herself on them *COUGHS FROM WEED* to fix them anyways thanks for checking out my OC hope you like the next page keep it PLUR

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S
REAL
BUT
THANK
YOU FOR
BEING
MY FRIEND

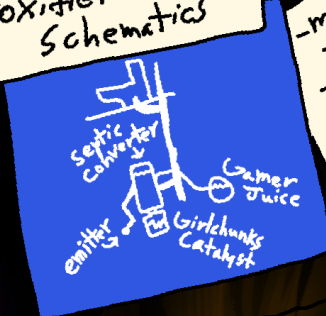




Come on i dont
feel like body
horror stuff
tonight.
you said you
were just gonna
make my hair
look cool



toxifier machine
Schematics



-micro dose
toxic energy?
-health benefits?
-Remember to call
mom c3

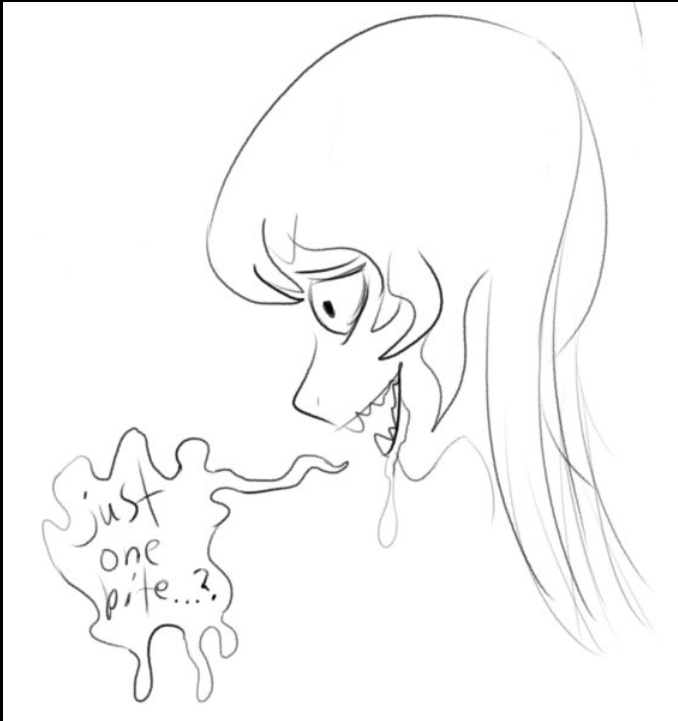
irreversible
damage in
4 seconds
**TOXIFIER
LEVELS**

SERIOUS_HAIRNESS_C1-AD-EPUB
RICH_MARTY_DOLL
SO_SEASON_2
SLAY_THE_SPIRE
HOOP EYE
CANCEL 2

let me put you out



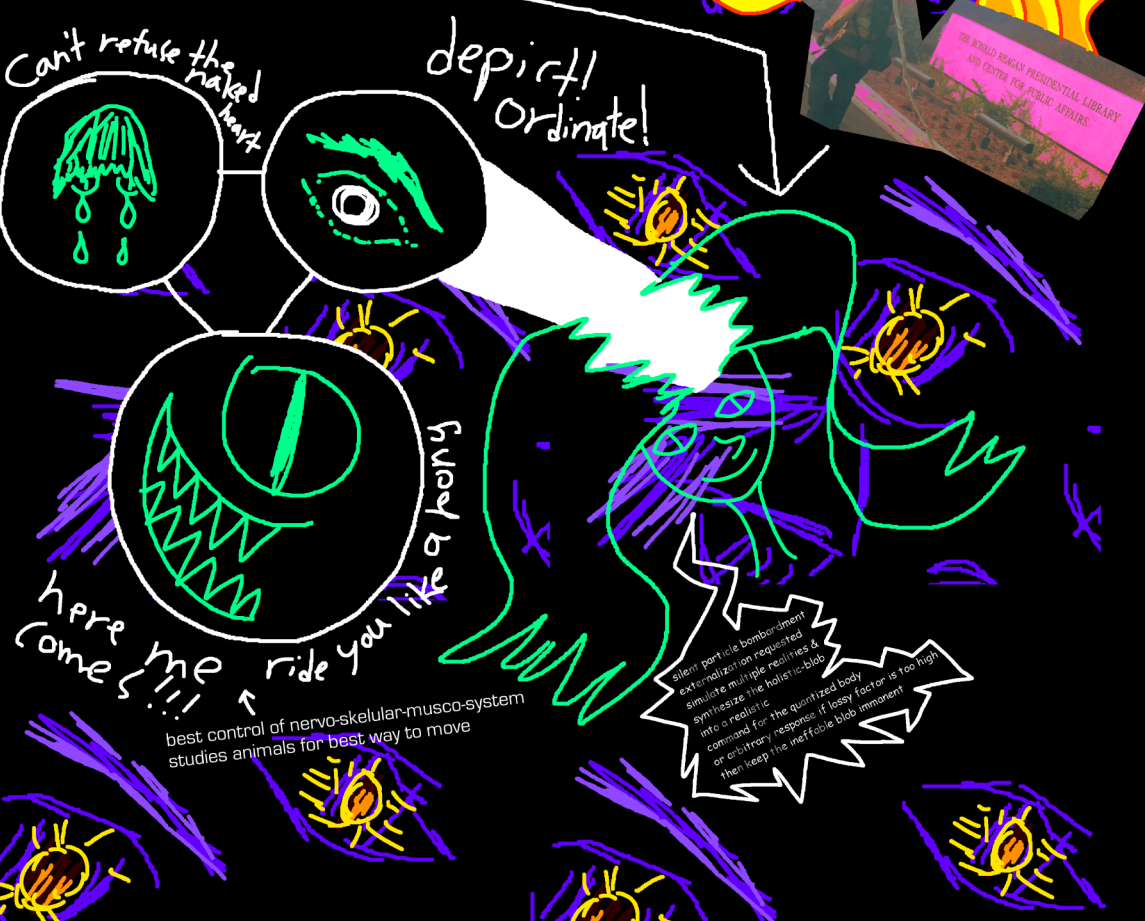
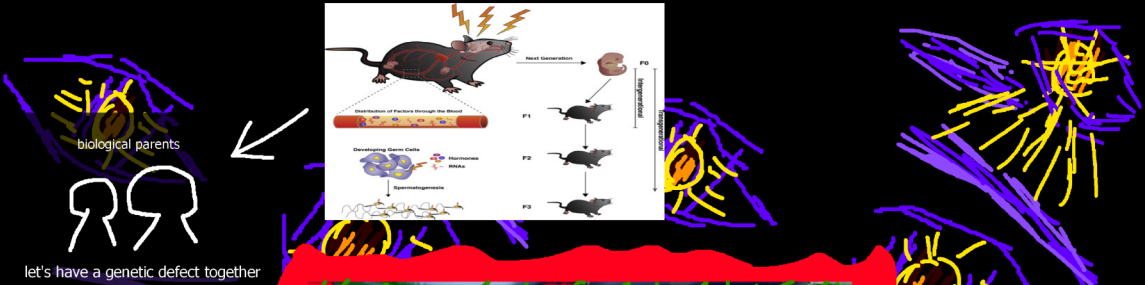






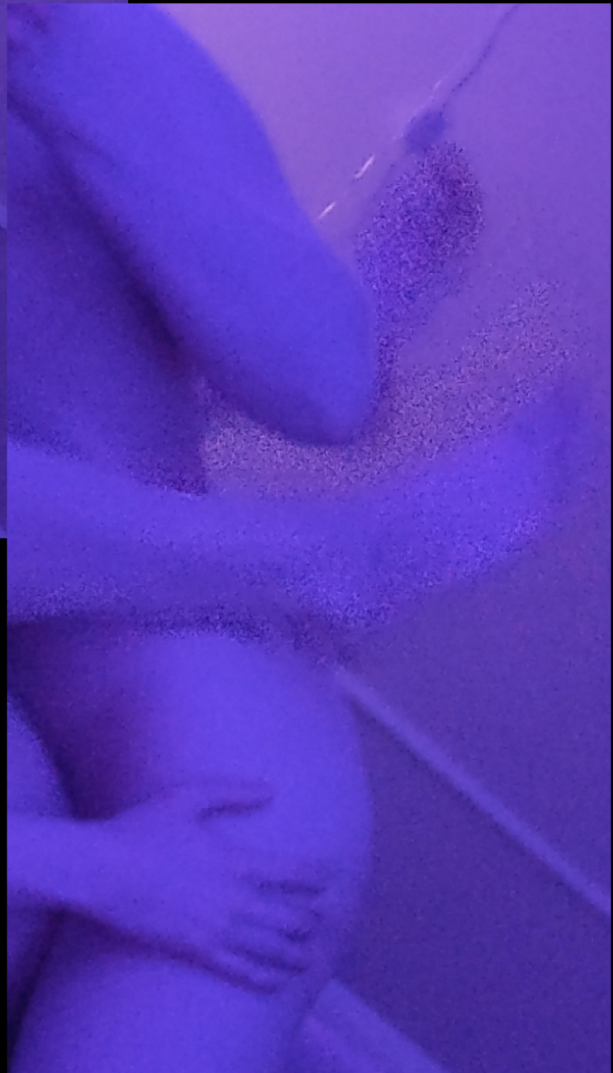








this is what a
million years of evolution
looks like



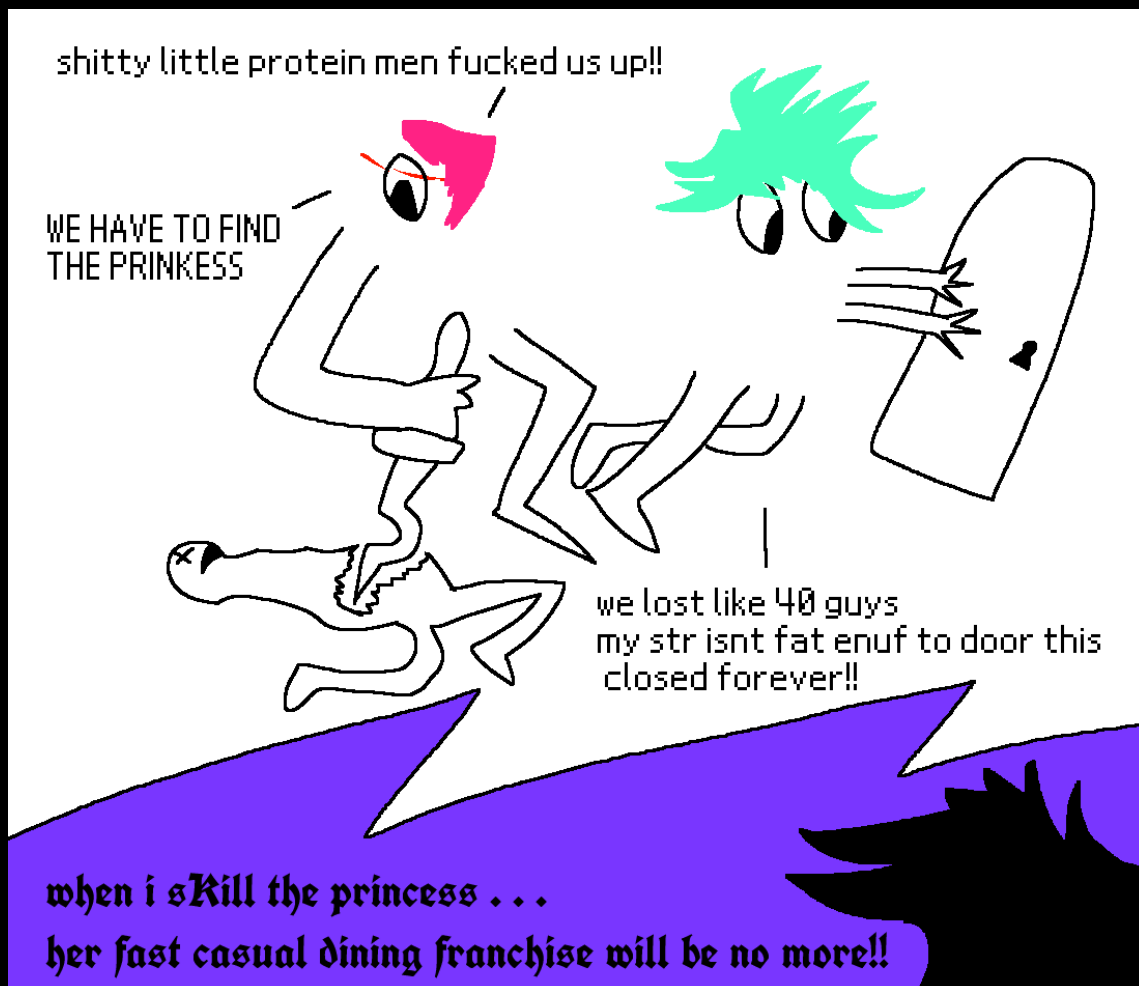












sick

forever

what time is it

someone has a radio on
deep inside the building

♪ so don't cry don't scream good lord ♪
♪ you always knew what you're in for ♪

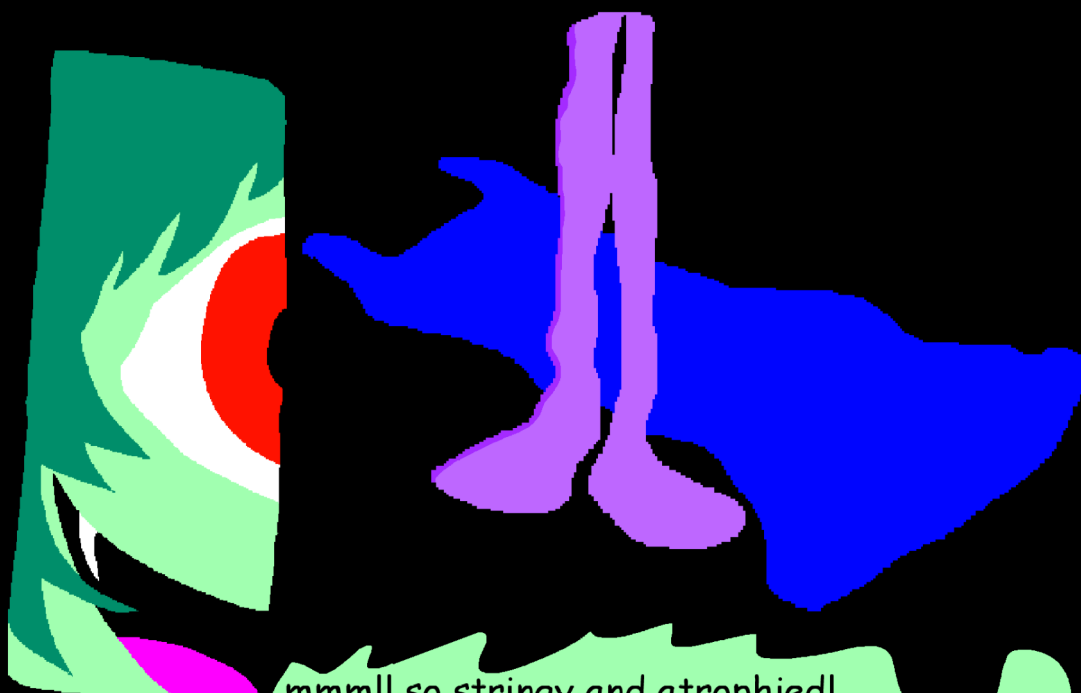
feel sick
sweaty sick
am i giong to
shit myself again

FUN TIP
when a sword enters thru the head
it can exit anywhere

waters up to the kaiser building



Don't wear clothes around me



mmm!! so stringy and atrophied!

you're going to be sick for the rest of your life!

i know what you want
but you need to ask me

can i--can i cum on your feet?



Gynar's Lesions
appear during "intense sensitivity"

your sick, diseased, watered-down cum spattering my
healthy, abundant, superior, body?

your whole life...

only with me do you see the reason
you were born this way is so
when I do

THIS

you can't fight back



*im gonna
eat your heart out*





oshit

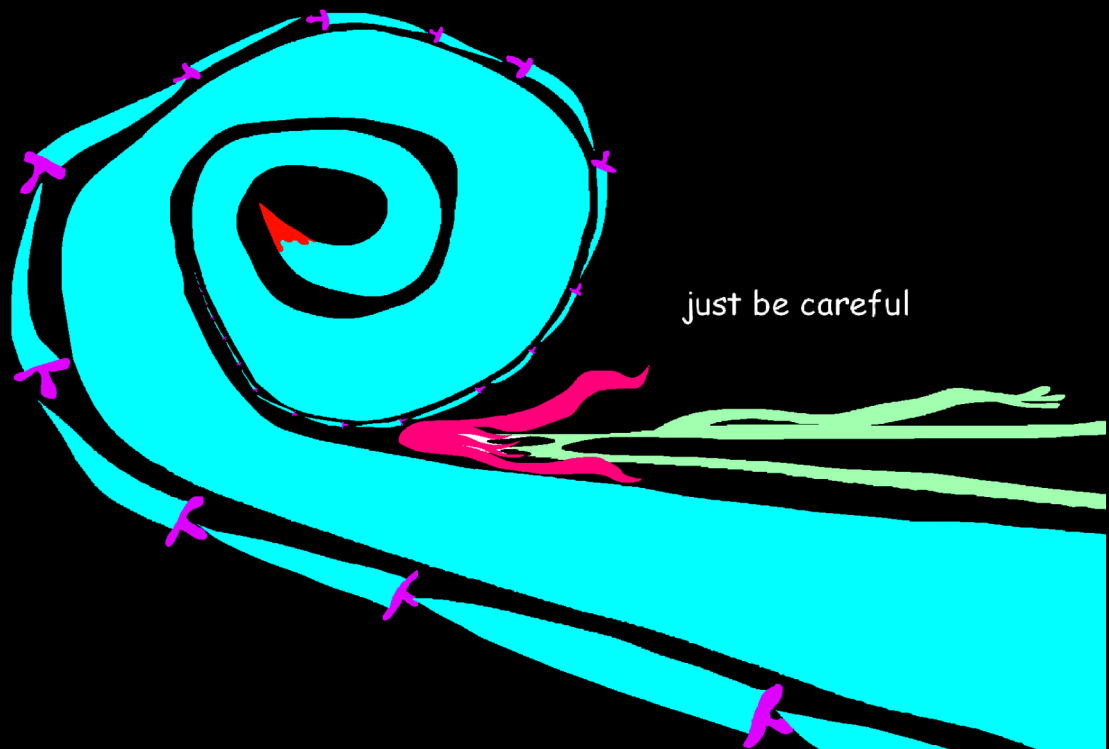
i can feel your
sword



if we share the sword
maybe it won't hurt so bad



i'm big enough to hold it
without dying



just be careful

BOOM!!!!!!



wow Pimento
ur gooshed
let me get the spatula
scrape you up


Now that they've completed the act they get a 12 second
run on the brain cache dungeon which has 3x
common drops 20% chance of 1x rare drop.





it never really stops vibrating
but its rate can be reduced to the point where it
looks still



An aerial photograph of a mountainous region covered in snow. A small village with several buildings is visible on a ridge in the upper right. A winding road or path cuts through the snowy terrain, leading from the foreground towards the village. The overall scene is serene and wintry.

slimedaughter.com

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